TRIUMPHS OF FEMALE WIT,

In Some

Pindarick Odes.

OR, THE

EMULATION.

TOGETHER

With an Anſwer to an OBJECTOR againſt *Female* Ingenuity, and Capacity of Learning.

ALSO,

A Preface to the *Maſculine Sex*, by a Young Lady.

LONDON,

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XUM

THE PREFACE TO THE Malculine Sex.

WEll Gentlemen, your Cenſures I know are ready, and you as willing to beſtow 'em too on a Young Lady, when ill Nature (as you call it) hinders her Compliance with the foppiſh Importunities of your Deſires, or grows croſs-grain'd, and w'ont ſubmit to the uſual Slavery of her Sex. Indeed I expect to find my Appearance in the behalf of injur'd Females, condemned not only as immodeſt and unfaſhionable, but as unnatural and unreaſonable alſo; it being the common experienc'd Policy of Uſurpers in Wit or Government, to overthrow the Juſtneſs of a Claimer's Title with Aſperſions of Incapacity or Weakneſs. But as for our Fate,

Fate, ſo far as it can be influenced either by your Brains or Tongues, I think we need not much value it, be the Severity thereof never ſo great or ſo keenly urg'd: for, Ingenuity of Revenge, and the witty Management of a Paſſion, was always look'd on as a Talent peculiar to our Sex alone; a Female-Province, in which we were ever allow'd to be abſolute. And I am of Opinion, that there are very few of you Sparks, *who have been ſo happy as to be ingaged in innocent Intrigues with us* Ladies, *but muſt confeſs that we have briskneſs of Parts ſufficient to baffle the ableſt of you; nay, and to your own Sorrow too, many times have experimented the Acuteneſs of our Senſes in reſenting, and our Wit and Reſolution in revenging Injuries. I fancy, had Mother* Eve *but foreſeen this unjuſt Oppreſſion of her Daughters, ſhe would ſcarce have been ſo prodigal of the Happineſs and Eaſe of her Sex, or ſo free in Complaiſance to her Husband, to engage in ſo*

mean

mean and difficult a Duty; but would rather have condemned him to the Drudgeries of Life, whilſt her eaſie Task ſhould be the delightful Study of Natural Curioſity; with its Variety of Productions, to make Remarks on the Labour of toiling Men, and to be Judge of their Performances. Thus far did Womans Complaiſancy become her Crime and her Diſadvantage; who inſtead of an eaſie pleaſurable Life, is now confined to labour all the Day in the Kitchin Mines of a Family, and at Night to the ungratifying Divertiſement of an unperforming Husband. Well, after all, I ſee if ever we hope to have theſe Grievances redreſs'd, we muſt e'en appeal to Dame Nature, *to know what ſhe at firſt deſign'd us for, and whether the Excellency of a Female Soul could poſſibly be raiſed no higher than the management of a Needle or the ingenuity of a Pudding. Why we ſhould not be thought capable of all the Endowments of humane Nature, I cannot apprehend: I am*

ſure

sure we seem fram'd with as much skill and exactness, with the same Materials too both of Body and Mind as the best composed of you all; with this only difference, That the yielding Female Lump was with more ease wrought into Perfection, and the curious Line of natural Beauty and Ingenuity; when Man's more rigged knotty Matter could not be carv'd into Excellency without Flaws and Imperfections: And do not your Addresses and Amours daily confess us to be the chiefest Instruments of conveying your Blessings; Nature having made us the Stewards of all those Delights and Pleasures which Men enjoy or wish for, and intrusted our Discretion with their Disposal. Why then should not Ladies *set up for Wits, in whom it is so natural to please; for Wit is nothing else but an agreeable Relish of an Object on the Apprehension: besides, the Faculties of our Souls are always brisk and sprightful, our Senses quick and intelligent; and then for the Organs of our Senses, the Instruments of Action,*

they

they are always in tune, ever ready for Exerciſe and Engagement. Nay, ſo far are we from the unpardonable Crime of Dulneſs, (a Vertue proper only to you Men) that at pleaſure we (when the occaſion proves inviting) can raiſe our obliged Senſes into the pleaſing Extravagancy of Rapture or diverting Wit or Paſſion: and then again, with as much facility and eaſe, can command them back unto the ſober Rules of ſolid Wiſdom. We ſcorn to flag, like you Sparks, in the midſt of an half enjoy'd pleaſure, for want of Life to reliſh, and Vigour to finiſh the innocent Enjoyment. Thus far Nature furniſhes us with Ability. And were but the Liberty of an Artificial Improvement, and the great Advantages of a ſuitable Education added to the Strength of our Parts and our natural Capacity, on my Conſcience we ſhould out-do you in the trade of Ingenuity, and ſoon get a ſtock of acquired Excellency wherewith to ſet up for accompliſh'd Profeſſors of Arts and Sciences: and I dare ſay that there are none of all you Sparks but would be glad to

be dealing with us for Wit and Pleaſure. Don't you ſee, whenever Generoſity and Bravery of Mind (diſdaining to be fetter'd to the mean Employments of her Sex) drives the noble Females Soul from the ſlavery of an entailed Ignorance unto the freedom and more agreeable purſuit of Learning and Wiſdom, how ſoon and with what eaſe ſhe becomes the deſerved envy of Mankind, the Emulation of the Ingenious, and the Glory of her Sex for a rare Ingenuity. And let me tell you, Gentlemen, ſince we are thus happily become acquainted with our Strength, we ſhall often make bold to let our Wit ſally out upon You the Enemies of our growing Reputation, and the unjuſt Invaders of our native Rights; not doubting but to return with the grateful Spoils of a juſt Applauſe, and to ſignalize the prevailing power of our Charms in the Triumphs of our Wit as well as Beauty: the laſt of which was ever allow'd to be irreſiſtable, and by the firſt you ſhall ſee that our methods of conquering are not always the ſame, but that we can captivate defenceleſs Men which way we pleaſe.

THE

THE EMULATION.

A Pindarick Ode.

I.

AH! tell me why, deluded Sex, thus we
Into the ſecret Beauty muſt not prye
Of our great *Athenian* Deity.
Why do we *Minerva*'s Bleſſings ſlight,
And all her tuneful gifts deſpiſe;
Shall none but the inſulting Sex be wiſe?
Shall they be bleſt with intellectual Light,
Whilſt we drudge on in Ignorances Night?
We've Souls as noble, and as fine a Clay,
And Parts as well compos'd to pleaſe as they.
Men think perhaps we beſt obey,

And best their servile Business do,
When nothing else we know
But what concerns a Kitchin or a Field,
With all the meaner things they yield.
As if a rational unbounded Mind
Were only for the sordidst task of Life design'd.

II.

They let us learn to work, to dance, or sing,
Or any such like trivial thing,
Which to their profit may Increase or Pleasure bring.
But they refuse to let us know
What sacred Sciences doth impart
Or the mysteriousness of Art.
In Learning's pleasing Paths deny'd to go,
From Knowledge banish'd, and their Schools;
We seem design'd alone for useful Fools,
And foils for their ill shapen sense, condemn'd to prise
And think 'em truly wise,
Being not allow'd their Follies to despise.
Thus we from Ignorance to Wonder run.
(For Admiration ceases when the Secret's known)
Seem witty only in their praise
And kind congratulating Lays.

Thus

Thus to the Repute of Senſe they riſe, (wiſe.
And thus through the applauder's Ignorance are
For ſhould we underſtand as much as they,
They fear their Empire might decay.
For they know Women heretofore
Gain'd Victories, and envied Lawrels wore:
And now they fear we'll once again
Ambitious be to reign
And to invade the Dominions of the Brain.
And as we did in thoſe renowned days (Bayes.
Rob them of Lawrels, ſo we now will take their

III.

But we are peaceful and will not repine,
They ſtill may keep their Bays as well as Wine.
We've now no *Amazonian* Hearts,
They need not therefore guard their *Magazine* of
We will not on their treaſure ſeiſe, (*Arts.*
A part of it ſufficiently will pleaſe:
We'll only ſo much Knowledge have
As may aſſiſt us to enſlave
Thoſe Paſſions which we find
Too potent for the Mind.
'Tis o're them only we deſire to reign,
And we no nobler, braver, Conqueſt wiſh to gain.

IV.

IV.

We only ſo much will deſire
As may inſtruct us how to live above
Thoſe childiſh things which moſt admire,
And may inſtruct us what is fit to love.
We covet Learning for this only end,
That we our time may to the beſt advantage ſpend:
Suppoſing 'tis below us to converſe
Always about our Buſineſs or our Dreſs;
As if to ſerve our Senſes were our Happineſs.
We'll read the Stories of the ancient Times,
To ſee, and then with horror hate their Crimes.
But all their Vertues with delight we'll view,
Admir'd by Us, and imitated too.
But for rewarding Sciences and Arts,
And all the curious Products which ariſe
From the contrivance of the Wiſe,
We'll tune and cultivate our fruitful Hearts.
And ſhould Man's Envy ſtill declare,
Our Buſineſs only to be fair;
Without their leave we will be wiſe,
And Beauty, which they value, we'll deſpiſe.
Our Minds, and not our Faces, we'll adorn,
For that's the Employ to which we are born.

The

The *Muſes* gladly will their aid beſtow,
And to their *Sex* their charming Secrets ſhow.
Whilſt Man's brisk Notions owe their riſe
To an inſpiring Bottle, Wench, or *Vice*,
Muſt be debauch'd and damn'd to get
The Reputation of a Wit.
To Nature only, and our ſofter Muſes, we
Will owe our Charms of Wit, of Parts, and Poetry.

Written by a Young Lady.

THE

THE ANSWER TO THE EMULATION.

A Pindarick Ode.

I.

WHat daring *Female* is't who thus complains,
In *Maſculine* Pindarick Strains,
Of great *Apollo*'s *Salique* Law;
Both breaks it, and pretends that ſhe
Pleads only for her Native Liberty.
Whilſt in a rapid over-flowing tide
Of Wit and Fancy, which no Banks are able to abide,
She ſtrikes the Guards of *Helicon*
With a ſurprizing awe,
And *Amazonian*-like, compels 'em to withdraw.

II.

II.

Stand valiant she, a Parley I desire;
Whence had you this Poetick Fire?
I fear, *Prometheus*-like, y'have stole
A Spark design'd to form a manly Soul.
Forbear, bold Nymph, thus to aspire,
You needs must know, ingenious Dame,
'Twas from *Jove's* Brain alone *Minerva* came.
Nature indeed hath made your Sex of use
Unknowing Infants to produce.
But sure she ne're designed it
To make your Brains prolifick, or your Wit.

III.

Which of the Arts,
Except that one of captivating Hearts,
Doth the World owe to Woman kind?
And 'tis not to monopolise
The Law allows it to the wise,
That he who proves so happy as to find
Some undiscovered useful Skill
Should use it at his will.

And the ſole profit be to him confin'd.
At leaſt until
Some tolerable gains
Have recompenc'd his coſt and pains.
But when, alas! will Arts repay
The time, health, coſt, and pains upon them thrown

IV.

'Tis not that Men inſult or would enſlave
Your Sex, that they engroſs *Apollo*'s mines;
Methinks you ſhould more pity have
For thoſe whom you have rob'd of all their Store,
Than thus to envy them their toil and pains,
To gain ſome part of what they had before.
No, let 'em digg and delve, what need you care,
'Tis too hard labour for the fair.
And when the droſs is purg'd and gone,
'Tis not for our ſelves alone
That we ſuch tedious labour take,
Next to our ſelves, 'tis for your ſake.
To your fair Sex we willingly commit
Our Golden VViſdom and our Silver Wit.

V.

Nature hath made your Sex with curious Art,
Your Souls too are ingenious and bright,
Both full of Beauty as the Sons of light.
And Woman is the Rib that lies moſt near the Heart.
Therefore I muſt adviſe the witty She
Not to indulge this longing ſtill,
Leſt you miſcarry when you ſee
Your power not equal to your will.
Alas! forbidden Fruit you know
Did on the Tree of Knowledge grow,
And when hardy thick ſcull'd Man
Spends and cracks his ſtudious Brain,
And inſtead of gaining more
Loſes what he had before;
So thoſe whom Emulation ſets at ſtrife
To gain the *Tree of Knowledge* often loſe *the Tree of Life.*

VI.

That muddy Stream of *Time*,
In which your Sex, that priſon of your Souls,
Your rational unbounded Mind controuls,
Swiftly into the eternal Ocean rouls:
And then
You'll find no cauſe to envy Men.
It will not be who ſtudied moſt,
N'one his Attainments then ſhall boaſt.
'Tis not a ſtudious Life that brings
The neceſſary Knowledge of revealed things.
And all will then receive,
Not as they knew, but as they did believe.
Then trouble not your Quiet ſo,
Hard and unneceſſary things to know:
Knowledge divine you may attain
Without the labour of the Brain.
Hiſtories and moral Precepts too
Are not deny'd to you;
But for the Learning of the Schools, (Fools.
That can't make Women wiſe, that makes Men

Philo-

Philoſophy's uncertain Light
Is but a wild Fire in the Night:
And all the reſt we Wiſdom call,
Is either little ſo, or not at all.
Each Limb of Learning hath the Gout
Of an incurable and painful Doubt.
And by the acute Diſeaſe
The richeſt Men are always leaſt at eaſe.

VII.

But you have Paſſions to ſubdue;
More you would know, becauſe you more would do;
You're ſenſible of Ignorances Night,
And fain would glut your Sight
With a full view of intellectual Light.
And may your Wiſh ſucceſsful prove,
For Ladies ſhould enjoy whate're they love.
May you walk ſafe in Learnings milky way,
Know all that Men and Angels ſay,
Expand your Souls to Truth as wide as day.
But when you're grown wiſe as well as fair,
Then, *Lady*, have a care.

Am-

Ambitious thoughts will rise,
And you will know that you are wise!
A Woman Fair, Wise, Learn'd, and Humble too,
Will be a *Species* alone,
A *Phœnix* true,
Talk'd of by all but seen by none.

Written by Mr. H.

A Re-

A REPLY TO THE ANSWERER OF THE EMULATION.

A Pindarick Ode.

I.

FRom whence, Usurping Man, thy boasted (Claim,
To all the Riches of the Brain?
Did good *Apollo* e're deny
Charms to *Orinda*'s Poetry?

How

How then infring'd are ſacred Laws of Wit,
Whilſt our tuneful Paſſions move
In meaſures pre-ordain'd by *Jove*!
And juſtly, only unambitious, we
Aſſert our Native Liberty.
With modeſt Bravery maintain our *Female* right
To that divine inſpiring Spring
Which envious Man encloſeth in;
Leſt Draughts permitted to each Wiſhing ſhe
Should turn to pleaſing well digeſted Extaſie.

II.

Miſtruſtful Man, thus nobly I comply,
To prove our native Ingenuity:
No wonder you thus Senſe defend,
With watchful Cares on it attend:
Since all the Graces of the manly Soul
Were baſely by *Prometheus* ſtole.
Whilſt from willing *Jove's* indulgent Brain
The graceful uncompell'd *Minerva* came.
Yet generous we do not refuſe
The ungrateful Sex ſtill to produce.
Our Pain and Labour gives you Life, and hence
Your dull and phlegmy Heads are fram'd for Senſe.

III.

III.

The moſt unboaſted of our Arts
Is to triumph o're defenceleſs Hearts.
At Pleaſure we enſlave and kill,
For ſuch mean Trophies of our Skill
Do never fail the motions of our Will.
For nobler Actions we deſign
To conquer Men in things ſublime:
Each unintreaguing She hath Wit to rule,
And make the moſt exalted Man of Senſe a Fool.
What outward Ornaments you get
Are ſtill the Products of our VVit.
Not as unfit, in Prudence we forſake
The toilſome Guidance of the State,
To load our Slaves with that uneaſie Fate.
Our choice Endowments kindly we employ,
More to teach Men Wiſdom than enjoy.
And as for things you idlely caſt away,
As you deſerve ſo wiſely we repay.

IV.

And ſhould Men all *Apollo*'s treaſure get,
'Twill ne're prevail to conquer us:
The leaſt Degree of *Female* Wit
Defends us from that hated Curſe.
Indeed we pity much your toil,
That Weeds ſhould ſtill o'reſpread your Soil.
But Labour well doth manly Souls befit,
For their tough Notions muſt be thraſh'd for Wit;
For us whilſt Nature doth deviſe
Leſs painful methods to be wiſe:
But after all your Coſt and Pain,
So worthleſs is what e're you gain,
That it's beneath our Love and Care
To mean Concernment for the fair.

V.

Kind Nature's Bounty, Sir, confeſs,
Our Wit than Beauty more expreſs.
Whatever Graces in us ſhine
Derive their luſtre from the Mind.

That

That little All that needy Man could ſpare
To make up Woman moſt compleat and fair,
Was but a Rib, that crooked too,
Which Nature, forc'd, was to undoe,
To make it ſtrait, and able to receive
That tuneful high-born Soul ſhe gave.
How then can we unjuſtly aim
At things beyond our native Claim:
Or how to high aſpire
Such ſacred bright celeſtial Fire?
Theſe lawful Longings we will ne're ſuppreſs,
Or fear Miſcarriage till we make 'em leſs:
Whilſt raſh ungovern'd Men their Bliſs deſtroy,
Not knowing how to wiſh or to enjoy.
We'll ſo direct, with prudent Care, our Flight,
T'enjoy at once the *Tree of Knowledge* and *of Life.*

VI.

Down the muddy Stream of *Time*
(In which we all ſo faſt decline)
Vice hurries Man with a reboubled Pace,
And taints his Soul with Dullneſs or Diſgrace.
Whilſt Temperance ſupplies what time decays,
And Virtue crowns us with the Bays.
No dull or phlegmy Humours e're controul
The Native Briskneſs of the Soul,

Still active we through ſubtle Nature drive,
And gather Sweets to deck our laſting Hive.
But when
Unreſiſting Mortals come
To pay the improvement of their Beings down;
There'll be no cauſe to envy Men:
For then their Pride and vain Conceit
Of Parts and Learning muſt abate:
That Wit and Wiſdom which they boaſt,
As not ſubſtantial, muſt be loſt.
'Tis *Female* Souls ſhall then appear
The moſt unſullied, bright, and clear;
Adorn'd with all their ſtock of Virtue gather'd here.
By theſe ſafe methods 'tis we move
From Glories here to greater ones above.
To the ſearch of Knowledge all are bound;
For *Truth* 'tis fits us to be crown'd.
But when raſh Man lets fly
His ill fletc'd thoughts at ſwifter myſtery;
No wonder if he find
At length his Reaſon loſt or blind;
For fatal Diſappointment always ſprings
From the needleſs ſearch of unrevealed things:
We only let our Reaſon go
At things convenient fit to know:
We act juſt as the Gods enjoyn,
And on permitted Objects fix our aim:

Whilſt bold ungovern'd Men do doubly err,
Both in the Object, and the way they ſteer.
Such the Learning of the Schools,
Error gilt and dreſs'd by Rules,
Contriv'd to gloſs and ſet off Fools.
Such cheating Knowledge we deſpiſe,
Had rather ſtill be ignorantly wiſe.
True Wiſdom and Philoſophy
Mount our Souls on high,
And never lead our ſteady thoughts awry:
For ſolid Reaſon ſtill unerring goes
Thro' Nature's mighty heap of Cauſes, ſhows
How this from that, and whence they all aroſe.
We go by no uncertain Light,
Our Reaſon keeps us always right.
Thoſe Doubtings which we find
Oppreſs the motions of the manly Mind,
From Inadvertency ariſe,
Or want of Parts and Power to be wiſe.

VII.

Our Senſes ne're unruly grow,
We only act what Reaſon prompts us to;
And we that Knowledge only chooſe
Whoſe free permitted Uſe

Adds

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Adds new Perfection to the mind,
Which us to Virtue and our Maker closely bind.
No meaner Objects keep
A just Proportion with our well-set appetite.
All that's just, that's great, or good,
By Women's rightly understood.
To trim our Souls we this employ,
And them to brighter Glories thus convey.
With such becoming modesty we rise
To all the Graces of the wise.
No Pride our Wisdom e're shall spoil,
Or fond Conceit our Wit defile.
Know Sir, that VVomen, witty, wise, and fair,
Than worthy Men more plenty are:
For we not only Men excell
In choicer Gifts, but Wit to use 'em well.

Written by Mr. F.

FINIS.

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